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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1914.

Unless you begin today you will not be numbered among the early Christmas shoppers.

"Robbed mails, charged," says a Baltimore Sun headline; but intonation is no excuse for theft.

Canada is taking precautions against a German invasion from the United States. If the possibility were imminent, probably the United States would do the same thing.

Although it was supposed the authorities had succeeded in stamping out the practice of "loading" poultry, a nugget of gold has just been found in the crop of a Maryland chicken.

Refusing to deny that he is about to make his escape from the Bull Moose party, George W. Perkins declared that the meeting of the executive committee, to be held in Chicago next Wednesday, "will not be different from meetings we have had in the past." What gloomy gatherings they must have been.

"There is no Mexican question, except that it is our duty to keep out of Mexico and let the people there settle their own quarrels as long as they don't interfere with Americans or American property," Speaker Clark is quoted as saying. The Speaker's statement will hardly be included in the next installment of indorsements of the President's Mexican policy published by the Democratic National Committee.

An Amsterdam dispatch says Germany has imposed a tax of \$2.60 per 225 pounds on flour sent from the United States to feed the starving Belgians. It is difficult to believe this, but it is not true that the food, given freely by the people of this country to the cause of humanity and transported free from the mills to its destination, is made to yield revenue to aid in increasing the suffering it is intended to relieve, formal denial should be made by the German government through our State Department.

A "military expert" tells us it would be a terrible thing if an invading army should shoot the dome of the Capitol off, upset the Congressional Library, raze the White House with shells and put the President to flight. Quite a number of persons have long held similar views, but they will be gratified at having expert confirmation of them. The "military expert" goes further, however, and confides in us that an enemy could do those very things if he were powerful enough and we would let him. That, of course, is the disturbing feature of the situation. But somebody is always taking the joy out of life.

The military order of the Carabao has abandoned its annual dinner because the members agreed they couldn't have fun without committing some grave indiscretion, like damning the Filipino or scuttling the good ship Piffle, which brought forth a rebuke from the White House last year. It does seem, however, that a sedate little after dinner program might have been arranged for the approval of a board of censors, depicting Funston's retreat, the "unfriendly, but not hostile" shots at the Tennessee's launch, and the hilarity in the officers' mess on board a battleship.

A New York shopkeeper, whose horse had been stolen, who had been twice held up and robbed of \$280, a gold watch and chain and two valuable diamond rings, and who had received threatening black hand letters, was arrested when he pursued three fleeing thieves with a revolver he kept in his shop. He had been unable to provide himself with a permit to keep a pistol, as required by the law, a formality which New York's gunmen and crooks also dispense with. Apparently there is ground for the complaint that the New York law succeeds only in preventing the law-abiding citizen from arming himself against the well-heeled crook.

There are times when the valiant services of the police challenge admiration and an instance of the sort has just come to light in Worcester, Mass., where the pastor of the First Spiritual Church appealed to the chief of police for "protection against lovesick maidens and scheming mothers." For weeks, he said, he has been made unhappy by love letters and telephone calls. He turned over to the police a package of letters, some of them daintily colored and richly scented. The police, it is stated, visited one home and advised that attentions to the pastor should cease. It is a heartless person who can contemplate without a shudder the dread peril from which the pastor has been rescued. But he is safe, thank goodness; he is safe. That is enough to know now. And it is to the unnamed bluecoat heroes of Worcester that the credit is due.

Owing to the increase of drinking among the women of London since the war began, the authorities have come to an agreement with the liquor sellers by which women are not served with drink before 11:30 in the morning. Now the women suffragists are protesting loudly against the discrimination. "Is it not time," one of them writes, "we finished with this sickening cant, and placed women on an equal footing with men, to be equally condemned and equally penalized? It is intolerable, if a little humorous, that a quite temperate woman like myself should be driven to feel that the only dignified course to pursue is to insist on being served with intoxicating drink every morning before 11:30." Can it be possible that the discrimination is a trick by the London authorities to lure the militants into the grog shops and keep them there demanding their rights?

The Movement Toward Prosperity.

One very keen student of economics describes the condition of business throughout the United States as spotty. Veritably this is true, and the hope is that the good spots are multiplying. Enough of them would do the trick. The whole business situation is so complicated and counterchecked, that it is difficult accurately to take its measure or positively to forecast its early future. Nearly everybody is feeling a little better, possibly because of the dire things that did not happen, and the advancing column of optimists is daily claiming recruits. Charles M. Schwab, the big steel factor, is among those who recently went to the colors. It may be that the fat war orders for his big Bethlehem property have helped Mr. Schwab to see with rosy vision but, be that as it may, he is very confident. He talked the other day to the newspaper reporters and the outlook which he sketched was most encouraging. He said that he had been a bear on the situation for several years and had refused steadfastly to be stampeded by any of the sunshine movements for prosperity, but it was different now. Bottom had been touched by industrial and commercial America and from now forward an upward and onward movement was scheduled.

Benjamin Strong, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, does not exactly range himself with the optimists, but there is a great deal that is encouraging in the first extended statement that he has made since he assumed office. Speaking at the prosperity luncheon given by the Merchants' Association of New York, to signalize the opening of the Federal Reserve Bank, he said that the new system of banking and currency had erased the word panic from our financial lexicon and that the system would safeguard our credit and ultimately enlarge the field of our business enterprise.

Sir George Paish, advisor to the British Treasury, who has been in this country on special financial mission for his government, was both hopeful and encouraging in his talk as he sailed away on the liner Adriatic Wednesday. He is an able and sound student and his judgment is that the United States is getting back to normal business. He is impressed by the large amount of free money waiting for investment in the United States. Mr. H. P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Co., went abroad on the same steamer with Sir George, and his parting words to the newspaper men entitled him to membership in the Optimists Club. He said: "The country has never been in better condition to extend its trade. To do so we must be calm and persistent. Things are growing better every minute and we have never been in better shape to extend our trade than now."

The New York Stock Exchange has opened its doors for restricted trading and this step toward the re-establishment of a great national security market is easily the most important that has been taken since the inauguration of the Federal reserve system. The course adopted by the governors of the exchange make it clear that they intend to proceed with caution and discretion, gradually extending the scope of trading as conditions warrant.

So that, all in all, we do appear to be making some progress toward that goal so anxiously desired by every useful citizen in the United States.

The Colonel and the Commoner.

Mr. Bryan, when unwillingly a private citizen, accused President Roosevelt of stealing his political clothes. Now that Col. Roosevelt admits that he is the most private of private citizens, Secretary Bryan lays himself open to the counter charge, that he is trying to appropriate a part of the Colonel's garments. The Colonel went into the Ohio campaign and preached prohibition. Mr. Bryan went into the same campaign with lips so tightly sealed on that subject that the preachers of Ohio could not pry them open with quotations from the Commoner. The Colonel denounced the political influence of the liquor traffic, but Secretary Bryan made speeches for Gov. Cox, who was represented as having the support of that traffic.

Prohibition clothes are not particularly new, as they have been worn by many ambitious politicians in the past, but as between these two great modern appropriators of old clothes, the Colonel saw them first and put them on. Secretary Bryan would be forced to admit that before any justice of the peace, without able counsel on either side, there is no possible way for lawyers to tangle this situation. It looks as though Secretary Bryan had taken an unfair advantage of the Colonel's announced perpetual silence and had published the Colonel's Ohio speech as a signed editorial in the Commoner and without credit even in the text. That is not in accord with newspaper ethics. The editor of the Commoner ought not to publish such signed editorials, just because the Colonel has ceased to be an editor, no longer has an organ, and has gone into political retirement.

If these old prohibition clothes should prove to be of good material and becoming style in the near future, it would not be surprising to hear that the Colonel had come out from his most private of private citizenship and let the world know that Secretary Bryan has no moral or legal right to wear those clothes. The Colonel saw them lying on the bank near the swimming hole, where Dr. Clafin dropped them in November, 1912, as unsuited to the Democratic blizzard which swept over the country at that time. Unless Secretary Bryan can prove that he is the original old-clothes man of America, as some of his critics admit, and that he has a right to any old clothes that are not found on the back of some wearer, the people will be inclined to side with the Colonel.

Danger in Common Sense.

Although the corner has been with us from the very first—he has been in full bloom in England since the twelfth century—it begins to look as if we were at last getting rather tired of him. The intelligent Bostonese parted with him some time ago, and they seem to have had no cause to regret it. The recent testimony of a New York City coroner that in the discharge of his official duty he is influenced more by "common sense" than by law throws light on some of the evils of the system and will contribute largely to the ultimate doing away with the office in this country.

Even in those far-away Middle Ages, the coroner was invested with wide discretion in the exercise of his official functions. One of his privileges was to institute inquiry concerning treasure trove—who were the finders, where it was and what were the means of getting possession of it. The modern coroner has been known to deal with hidden matters in quite a different way. In New York City, it has been shown that friends of persons who have died mysteriously have been able to obtain the sort of death certificate best suited to their needs by the payment of money.

It is now somewhat generally understood that

under the present laws of New York, for example, a coroner's death certificate may be the cloak for devilry of the most heinous description. When a death from throat cutting is ascribed to rupture, a fatal poisoning to chronic heart trouble and a suicide by the inhalation of gas to nephritis, it is time to look into the present usefulness of this ancient institution.

The ingenuous admission of the New York coroner that he is governed more by "common sense" than by law is grossly suggestive. It is this exercise of "common sense" that heads off troublesome inquiry in the very presence of crime. At this time, when human life is held so lightly, it is not reassuring to think of the "common sense" coroner.

The Value of the Vote.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

Is the vote really worth anything? Lately, I have heard this question asked in all seriousness by women.

When I have replied by saying: "Do you think it is worth anything to men?" the answer is always in the affirmative. One woman has added: "But what I mean is, will women be able to do anything for themselves by having the vote?"

In this instance I had to acknowledge that I didn't think that women would be able to do much more than men are able to do. So far, men have not been able to accomplish much by voting.

And yet I look forward to the time when they will accomplish very much.

The trouble lies in the lack of co-operation among men. Thus far co-operation as men have achieved has been very largely defeated by the natural co-operation that exists between vested interests.

Another reason for the failure of men to make voting as effective as it might be lies in their failure to appreciate their rights. Just now they are beginning to find out just what their rights are. But it is taking tremendous effort on the part of comparatively few men to make the others appreciate the importance of striving to secure these rights and to keep the rights from being betrayed.

In speaking of these very rights we show how one-sided we are. We speak as if the rights literally belonged to men. But we forget that they belong to human beings, that is, both to men and women. It is through the vote that we secure regulation of these rights.

Through indifference men have allowed themselves to be sold out. It is worth noting that they have been sold out by other men.

Incidentally, women have been sold out by men.

To this very simple and obvious truth, however, few women seem to be alive. Even in the most impassioned addresses in favor of the suffrage I never see it referred to.

Meanwhile, we hear the progressives of all parties bitterly denouncing the betrayal of the people.

Women are included among the people, are they not?

If the orators were bluntly asked this question they would reply, "Of course." But when they use the term they really mean that the people are the men of the nation, the voters.

Think of some of the things that women have lost by not having the vote. They have been deprived of a voice in decisions that affect the health of women, the character of women, the maintenance of women, as well as the health, character and maintenance of the children the women bring into the world. Take, for example, the problem of poverty. There must always have been men who strove to solve this problem. Just now there are thousands of men working. To hear these men talk about voting you would think that, somehow, it was a problem essentially masculine.

And yet voting relates to women even more vitally than men. It directly relates to the quality most prized by women, chastity. Most men know, and most women are beginning to find out, that there is a direct relation between the virtue of women and economic conditions.

There they go—hundreds of them, thousands, millions, into prostitution and disease and death! Meanwhile, we say that women should not be interested in these matters. That millions of women go into lives of shame and contract horrible diseases, which they help to spread through the race, is of no concern to women.

Women are too good to think of such things, too refined.

It is a very unpleasant subject, this subject of poverty. Its relation to the destruction of the souls and bodies of women some people consider too dreadful even to be discussed. They believe the subject ought to be kept hidden. Maybe they are right. And yet, we know that the hidden evils do the greatest mischief in the world.

This particular evil has put on the race a terrible burden of disease. And this disease in turn helps to create more poverty. For instance, it sends each year many thousands of human beings to insane asylums. In a large number of such cases the patients have to be cared for at the expense of the State.

The poor include millions and millions of women. It is thought by many excellent people that even if women do get the vote it should be limited to the nice women, the intelligent women, that is, to the women who are well-to-do.

The women among the poor, the sustainers of the heaviest burden of society, ought not to be allowed to vote. They ought to be taught to bear their burdens with patience. They would simply add to the ignorant vote.

And, of course, there is no doubt that the vote of the poor is an ignorant vote. Here really is the chief trouble with the poor. If the poor were not so ignorant they would not be unconscious of the meaning of their burdens.

They would not be so patient. They would not be so slow to realize the value of the vote in dollars, in food for themselves and for their children.

Women Who Murder.

No less than seventeen women charged with murder have been acquitted in Chicago since a woman was convicted. In all these cases the guilt was clearly established; in some instances the crimes were peculiarly shocking. Sex, according to the Chicago scale of gallantry, is a sufficient excuse for murder. It is the Chicago "unwritten law."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unimportant If True

By DR. ERITAS

And now the high cost of giving confronts us.

Still, it may be better to be the tail to the kite than not to fly at all.

Faint heart generally decides that two can't live as cheaply as one.

And half the world would like to help the other half raise its children.

It will soon be time to revive the annual grumble about cold street cars.

In the old days chickens used to cackle, and now some of them just giggle.

It is just delightful, the way some children conceal what they think of their parents.

Why doesn't Gen. Joffre back some of those Missouri mules into the German army?

It takes a cracking good business man to keep his friends both pleasant and profitable.

There are some drivers of two-cylinder cars who are just as reckless as any of the others.

It is claimed that Turkey is hastening to her death, but we are not sure that she will die game.

There are lots of good things in this world, and we have feared at times that we are one of them.

It is more pleasant to be called a Spug than a tight wad, but it means just about the same thing.

The stock exchange is open again, and we are hoping the wind will be tempered to the shorn bulls.

You have noticed, of course, that there hasn't been so much gout since the cost of living got to be so high.

It looks as if the water cure will not prevent the appearance of the foot-and-mouth disease in dairy herds.

Col Roosevelt says he has nothing to say. Wherein he is not at all different from some other people who keep on talking.

HISTORY BUILDERS.

The Pathos of a Shattered Dream.

(Written Exclusively for The Herald.)

By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

About three years before the late C. C. Clarke retired from the office of vice president of the Vanderbilt system of railroads, he invited me to drive with him one summer afternoon, promising to show me a point of interest in Tarrytown, N. Y., where his country home was established, and particularly those places which were of historic interest. We drove by the monument erected to commemorate the capture of Maj. Andre in Revolutionary times, and also the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and the spots which Washington Irving made traditional in his romances. At last, Mr. Clarke said that he would take me to a place which for him had a pathetic interest, although there is no record of the incident which caused that interest in any published work. We drove to a place near the Phillips Manor house, which is associated with the romance of Washington's unsuccessful courtship of the young lady who dwelt in that house. From that point there was a fine view of the Tappan Zee, which is the name of the broad expansion of the Hudson River. Lake-like in its appearance, whose eastern front is bounded by the shores of Tarrytown.

"I will tell you the story of the incident which created this spot or near here," Mr. Clarke said. "There was no more enthusiastic promoter of the Erie Railroad project than a man named Isaac Brown. I think it was in great measure due to his agitation and perseverance that the State of New York granted the charter for the construction of the Erie Railroad and the placing of its terminal at Dunkirk would make that town the great distributing point for trade which passed through the lake to and from the West.

"But had it not been for the obligations of the charter the eastern construction of the Erie Railroad would have been from the first at some point on the New Jersey side directly opposite New York City.

"Mr. Brown was among those who selected a place at Piermont, N. Y., as the eastern terminal of the Erie. He supervised the construction of piers and arranged for barges and towboats by means of which traffic could be brought to or from New York City. He expected to see a great group up at this place, and he used to come to a spot nearby and look across the river, picturing forth in his imagination the growth of the big town.

"It was early discovered, however, that it was vital for the success of the Erie Railroad that it should have a terminal on the Hudson River. There were a few dwellings and shacks and that was all. The great pier did not respond to the movement of trucks more than two or three times a week.

"This almost broke Mr. Brown's heart. He lost all interest in the Erie road, and he used to come to this point and sit here by the hour practically sullenly. He dreamed of what the city he had in mind might have been, and with sad patience submitting to the fact that it was not to be. In that way he passed his time day after day, and there was real pathos for those of us who saw the old man thus dreaming of what might have been."

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Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell of "An Early Ancestor of the Automobile."

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave!
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried—
It was not in the battle,
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in his sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WINTER-PROOF.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Tonight the Autumn pines, and the
Bill o' Winter lies on meadowland and hill.
The North-wind rages fiercely 'gainst
My pane,
But as for me it rages there in vain,
For dreams of summer, and of notes of
Yet thrill the heart of me, and vistas gay
Of floral Yesterdays enliven my sight
And hold me proof against the Winter's
And night.

Doings of Society

Army and Navy Personals.

Major and Mrs. Carl Gansborg-Andersen, who occupied an apartment at the Ontario in Washington last season, are now at their quarters at the Marine Barracks, D. C.

Mrs. John H. Gibbons, wife of Capt. Gibbons, U. S. N., retired, is assisting her mother, Mrs. Richard Ely, in Washington, after spending the autumn at Virginia Hot Springs.

Mrs. Roscoe C. Moody, wife of Commander Moody, U. S. N., has returned to Washington, D. C., from Portsmouth, N. H., and is at the Ontario.

Mrs. Dasha Allen, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Henry T. Allen, is visiting in Asheville, N. C.

Mrs. Fuller, wife of Ensign Robert P. Fuller, U. S. N., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Guller, in Washington, D. C.

Asst. Surg. H. G. Fuller, M. R. C., and Mrs. Fuller, who recently arrived in Washington, are at 1881 Columbia road for the winter.

Miss Adeline Pendleton, daughter of Col. T. P. Pendleton, U. S. A., will make her debut at a large reception in Washington on December 10.

Commander and Mrs. G. E. Gelm and Mrs. E. H. Cook have leased the residence at 1225 Wyoming avenue, for the season.

Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Charles F. Humphrey have moved their apartment at the Wyoming, where Miss Juanita Humphrey joined them last week after a series of visits.

Paymaster and Mrs. W. C. Fife have taken an apartment at the Montana.

Mrs. Floyd, wife of Lieut. C. S. Floyd, U. S. A., and infant son are spending the winter at 1515 H street, Washington, D. C.

Miss Lela Harrison, daughter of the late Col. George F. E. Harrison, U. S. A., whose marriage to Lieut. Geoffrey Keyes, U. S. A., will take place tomorrow, was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Marjorie Ashline in Washington last week.

Lieut. Col. T. B. Biddle, Mott, U. S. A., Miss Mott, Mrs. William Wetherwood, Mrs. James B. Alabaster and Miss Mary Sheridan were among those in the audience of the Schumann-Henck's recital given at the National Theater in Washington November 20.

Mrs. Elias W. Terry, widow of Rear Admiral Terry, U. S. N., will leave for Italy in the near future to join her daughter, Mme. Filippo Camperio, and other children in Rome, where she will reside. Mrs. Terry, who is a native of Milan, Italy, Lieut. Commander Camperio, of the Italian navy, who resigned several years ago, has been called back and again placed on active sea duty.

Mrs. C. G. Sawtelle, widow of Capt. C. G. Sawtelle, Eighth United States Cavalry, has taken a studio apartment for the winter at the Tacoma, Washington, D. C.

Capt. and Mrs. Henry C. Pillsbury are guests of the latter's parents, Col. and Mrs. William T. Wood, at their quarters at the Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Charles S. Sperry, widow of Rear Admiral Sperry, U. S. N., left Washington last week to join her son, Mr. Charles Sperry, at Boulder, Colo.

Paymaster and Mrs. William E. Rogers, U. S. N., have been in New York this week at the Hotel Astor. Also Commander-in-Chief H. C. Griffin and Lieut. A. C. Read, U. S. N.

The Surgeon General of the Army and Mrs. William C. Gorceaux and Capt. and Mrs. Theodore A. Baldwin, Jr., were among those entertaining at dinner at the Chevy Chase Club, Md., on November 18.

LECTURE TO AID BELGIANS.

Yosemite Valley to Be Topic at Lintintheum Hall Tonight.

Unusual in its interest is the lecture for the benefit of the Belgian relief fund to be heard in Lintintheum Hall, Georgetown, tonight on the Yosemite National Park.

The lecturer, Francis E. Matthews, of the United States Geological Survey, a Hollander by birth, has passed a number of years in Belgium and has Belgian connections and his interest in the Yosemite Valley comes from four years passed in government work making an elaborate map of the region for the government and in studying for a report at the coming Panama-Pacific Exposition in popular language upon the origin of this remarkable basin.

The talk is within a day's journey of San Francisco and will be visited by thousands attending the exposition.

To add to the interest, the Interior Department has played at the disposal of the men's club of Christ Episcopal Church, under whose auspices the benefit is undertaken, all the motion picture films of the National park as well as its remarkable collection of stereoscopic slides.

Pictures of the massive peaks and deep canyons of the park, the smallest scale as high as Niagara, will be shown for the first time.

President Goes to Church.

The President attended services at the Central Presbyterian Church yesterday morning, where the usual worship was held. He was accompanied by Miss Helen Woodrow Bones. In the afternoon he took a drive to the country in one of the White House autos.

President Will Preside.

President Wilson has agreed to preside over the annual convention of the American Red Cross, of which he is president, which meets at the Shoreham Hotel, December 10. The convention this year is expected to be particularly important, due to the situation in Europe.

New York Hotel Arrivals.

Special to The Washington Herald.

New York, Nov. 29.—Washingtonians registered here as follows:

Navarre—E. E. Bernadoff, S. W. Finch, S. G. Gates, Marlborough, H. H. Moore, D. Edman, Park Avenue, E. W. Woodhull, C. R. Costa, S. E. Kramer, C. R. Cox, G. P. Fraser, A. A. Exendine, E. Rice, H. T. B. Moore, H. E. Rice, Algonquin, L. J. Moly, C. R. Craig, G. P. Robinson, Hermitage, B. R. Malton, H. T. B. Moore, C. Phelps, Grand, Mrs. C. E. Phelps, J. S. Rutherford, Normale, Murray Hill, B. R. Malton, H. T. B. Moore, Mercants and buyers—M. Morris, Brotons.